



## KAZMAIER'S Holiday Greeting

Once more the Holiday season is here when young and old assemble at the family home and participate in the festivities of the occasion.

At such times the family makes more than the usual preparation in the way of palatable viands which seem so much a part of the joyous season and the Kazmaier Grocery and Meat Market is prepared to furnish the best the market affords.

### EXCELLENCE IN QUALITY

As well as great variety is the chief endeavor of these stores and we extend a most cordial invitation to the general public to come and purchase their supplies here.



It is a pleasure to make prompt delivery to all parts of the village of anything desired in Groceries of all descriptions and the choicest and best meats and poultry.

Thanking our friends for past favors and striving to merit a continuance of the same, we extend to all a Holiday Greeting. May yours be a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

**H. A. KAZMAIER.**



LOOKING UP THE CHILDREN'S RECORD

### THE GIRL AND THE GIFT BY ELISA ARMSTRONG BENGOUGH

"You are not looking very jolly on Christmas day," observed the girl in brown. "Were your gifts chiefly hair receivers and silver thimbles, or were they so expensive that you are wondering how you can ever return them next year?"

"N—not exactly," replied the girl in green. "I—"

"Oh, you should see Alice," broke in the girl in brown; "She looks as happy as the girl who has got rid of the coat of tan she cultivated at the seashore last summer. She—"

"I don't know whether or not she received many presents, but she has one which seems to make her perfectly happy. It is—"

"I am sorry to hear it. If that girl got her deserts she would spend the holidays with the dentist. She—well, you know I have seen a good deal of Alice lately. You know we just had to be intimate, since Rob was dividing his attentions pretty equally between us."

"M'h'm; otherwise people might fancy you were jealous of each other."

"Jealous of Alice, the idea! However, I had to watch her. You never know what a girl with her saintly expression is saying of you behind your back. You know that Rob is sort of

confessed a fondness for them—I was so happy. Well, yesterday I dropped in at Alice's. I found her in the library; she seemed nervous and I stayed to find the reason."

"And did—"

"She asked if I did not consider a set of Thackeray the nicest Christmas gift a man could make to a girl—a girl he liked very much? I replied, 'Yes—if the girl had saffron hair and eyes which were located at right angles!'"

"And she—"

"She replied, Oh, she was in earnest; she knew a man who meant to give a lucky girl just such a set. Then she intimated that he intended to hint his hope that the set would soon be housed under his own roof."

"But who—"

"I said, yes, the girl was lucky if she had a genius for martyrdom; that the man who would make a girl such a gift would be the man who would expect his wife to prefer a subscription to a magazine to a new tailor-made frock and an addition to the library to a trip to Palm Beach!"

"Good! I'm glad you said—"

"I'm not myself, dear. Rob was in the next room and heard every word. Alice had helped him to select a Christmas gift for me, and when I came in she told him to wait while she met me in the library, so he could hear my cries of delight when I heard of the selection! Did you ever know such an unmitigated cat!"

"Gracious—never!" cried the girl in brown. "I didn't tell you, did I, that the gift which so delighted Alice was a set of Thackeray? Rob was there and Alice's mother stopped me in the hall, as I went out, to ask the address of the dressmaker who made Mabel's trousseau."

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### Centuries Ago

by Alfred Domell

It was the calm and silent night!  
Seven hundred years and fifty-three  
Had come been growing up to night,  
And now was given to the sea.  
No sound was heard of clashing wars,  
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;  
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars  
Held undisturbed their ancient reign  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago.

Twas in the calm and silent night,  
The senator of haughty Rome,  
Impatient urged his chariot's flight  
From lordly revel-rolling home;  
Triumphal arches, gleaming, sweet  
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;  
What recked the Roman what befell  
A paltry province far away,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away  
Went plodding home a weary poor:  
A streak of light before him lay,  
Fallen through a half-shut stable door  
Across the path he hesitated, for naught  
Cold what was going on within;  
How keen the stare, his only thought—  
The air, how calm and cold and thin,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and silent midnight!  
A thousand bells ring out and throw  
Their joyous peals abroad, and while  
The darkness—charmed lay low—  
The night that erst no name had worn—  
For a happy name is given  
For in that stable lay new-born,  
The Peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,  
In the solemn midnight,  
Centuries ago.

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NEW YEAR

GEO. J. ROSSBACH

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